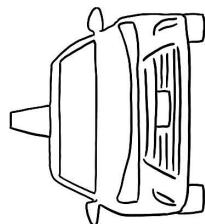


of the seemingly mundane.

Sandi Stoughton Petty

"Random Memnos," by  
Sandi Stoughton Petty  
Please enjoy this small taste of

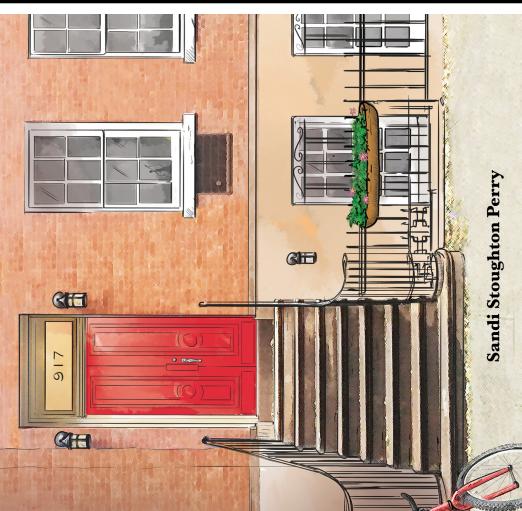
new about it every day. #  
and learn something  
here over hundred years  
ago sense. I could live  
know it. If that makes  
But I realize I hardly  
I love knowing this city.



building streets of New York  
and self-relection through the  
personal journey of discovery  
author takes readers on a  
consciousness memoir, the  
In this captivating stream-of-

## Random Memnos

How an outsider found joy in New York City



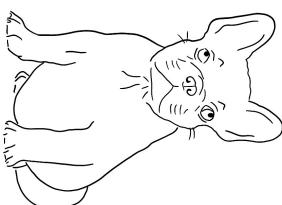
*Support Authors!*



I've heard people wonder  
about why she would still  
live in the place where her  
husband was murdered. I  
glance across the cab to see  
the entrance to Strawberry  
Fields, and I understand  
why. #

I tilted my head back and  
watched the street  
numbers pass by. 72nd, I  
don't even have to see the  
street sign to know where  
we are. The familiar  
architecture of the Dakota  
greets me. I crane my neck  
to look up. I have never  
caught a glimpse of Yoko  
Ono, but I know she's  
there.

The last time I was here  
was in 1982. It was during  
the day. Then, a hot  
summer wind greeted us as  
we pushed open the doors  
to a crowd of tourists.  
Tonight, the temperature  
was just above freezing.  
Clear skies. Light breeze.  
And only a handful of  
people to share the view. I  
felt as if I had scored a  
backstage pass to my  
favorite band. The city was  
mine. #



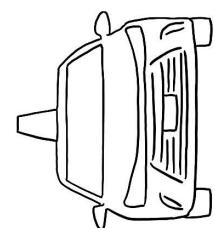
"This about rediscovering the joy  
of the seemingly mundane."

Sandi Stoughton Perry

Sandi Stoughton Perry  
"Random Mementos" by

choose not to. #

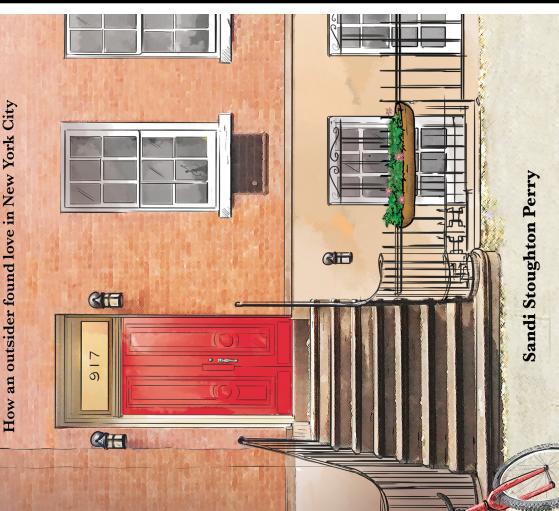
productivity, but I  
distrust my  
until 3 a.m. I can



will listen to the city  
at that, and I know I  
will in my body laughs  
decent hour, but every  
want to go to bed at a  
and gone. I tell myself I  
A full day has come

New York.  
translomative love of  
beauty ignites a deep,  
diversity, and unexpected  
how the city's energy,  
emotion, the book reveals  
observations and raw  
With wild, unfiltered

## Random Mementos



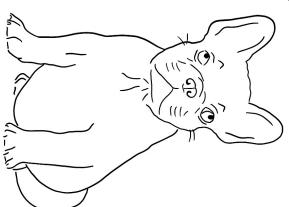
How an outsider found love in New York City

Support Authors!



I assume the fireflies  
have given up, since  
there's really no such  
thing as total darkness  
here. But I appreciate  
their effort in lieu of  
stars. My spirit will  
joyfully spend eternity  
haunting every inch of  
this city. #

Thirty seconds of  
calculations and I'm  
distracted by the sound of  
a helicopter flying  
overhead, and another  
siren, and laughter from  
the deck below, and the  
smell of barbecue and  
cigarettes... and a bird flies  
by, and some children  
begin to play... What was I  
doing? Doesn't even  
matter. I am happy in this  
moment. #



Sandi Stoughton Perry

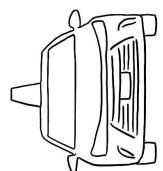
Sandi Stoughton Perry

"This about rediscoversing the joy  
of the seemingly mundane."

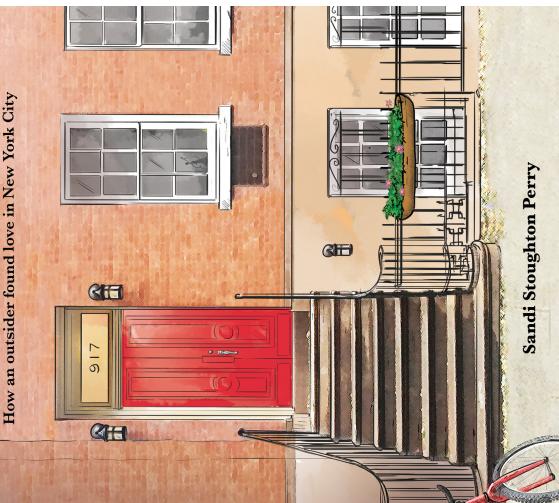
"Random Mementos" by

Everyone. Anyone. No  
prejudice. No bias. Just  
acceptance. #  
so comfortable with  
an never alone. You are  
while always making sure I  
let me have my space  
and flavor and smells. You  
to new sights and sounds

becomes both muse and  
companion to a place that  
captures the author's evolving  
soul of New York while  
non-fiction work captures the  
spontaneous musings, this  
recollections and  
through infinite



## Random Mementos



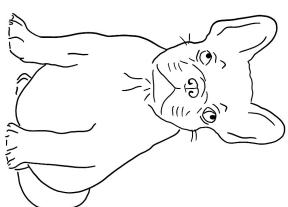
Support Authors!



I want to click the heels of  
my dirty New York City  
shoes three times and  
open my eyes to find I  
am back on the stoop on  
21st street, sipping wine  
and watching the world  
walk by... #

Suddenly, I was paying  
attention to the sounds of  
New York City. What was  
normally "white noise"  
became divided tracks of  
water, voices, music,  
brakes, horns, and sirens. I  
took a deep breath and  
tried to separate them even  
more.

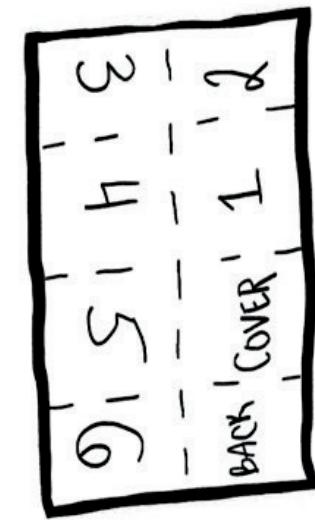
The voices were talking,  
yelling, singing, laughing.  
The music came from  
speakers in the plaza, live  
musicians, car stereos, and  
radios on bicycles. The  
sirens were both near and  
far. Some of them wailing  
and some of them "whoop-  
whopping" to get through  
congested traffic. I wanted  
to stretch out on this cool  
edge of marble and stay  
like this forever. #



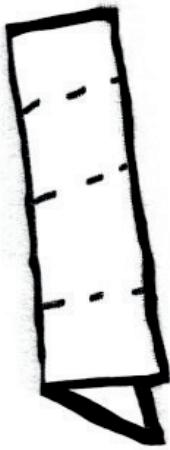
# HOW TO FOLD A MINI ZINE



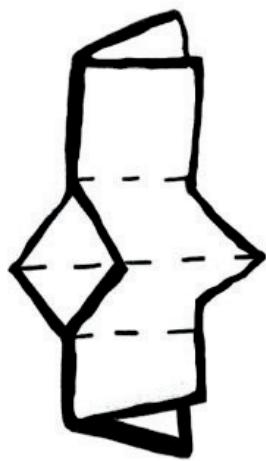
FOLD HOTDOG STYLE



UNFOLD AND CHECK  
YOUR LAYOUT



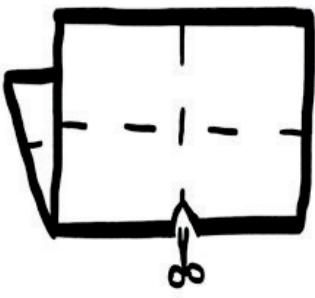
FOLD HOTDOG AGAIN



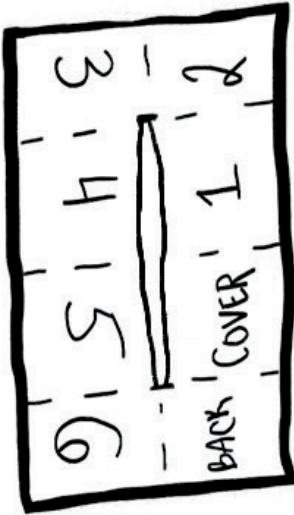
POP THE CENTER  
PANELS APART LIKE "BAOW!"



FOLD HAMBURGER  
STYLE



FOLD HAMBURGER  
AND CUT THE MIDDLE  
TWO PANELS



UNFOLD AGAIN,  
YOU SHOULD HAVE A HOLE  
IN THE CENTER



FOLD IT UP  
AND OMG YOU  
HAVE A MINI ZINE!